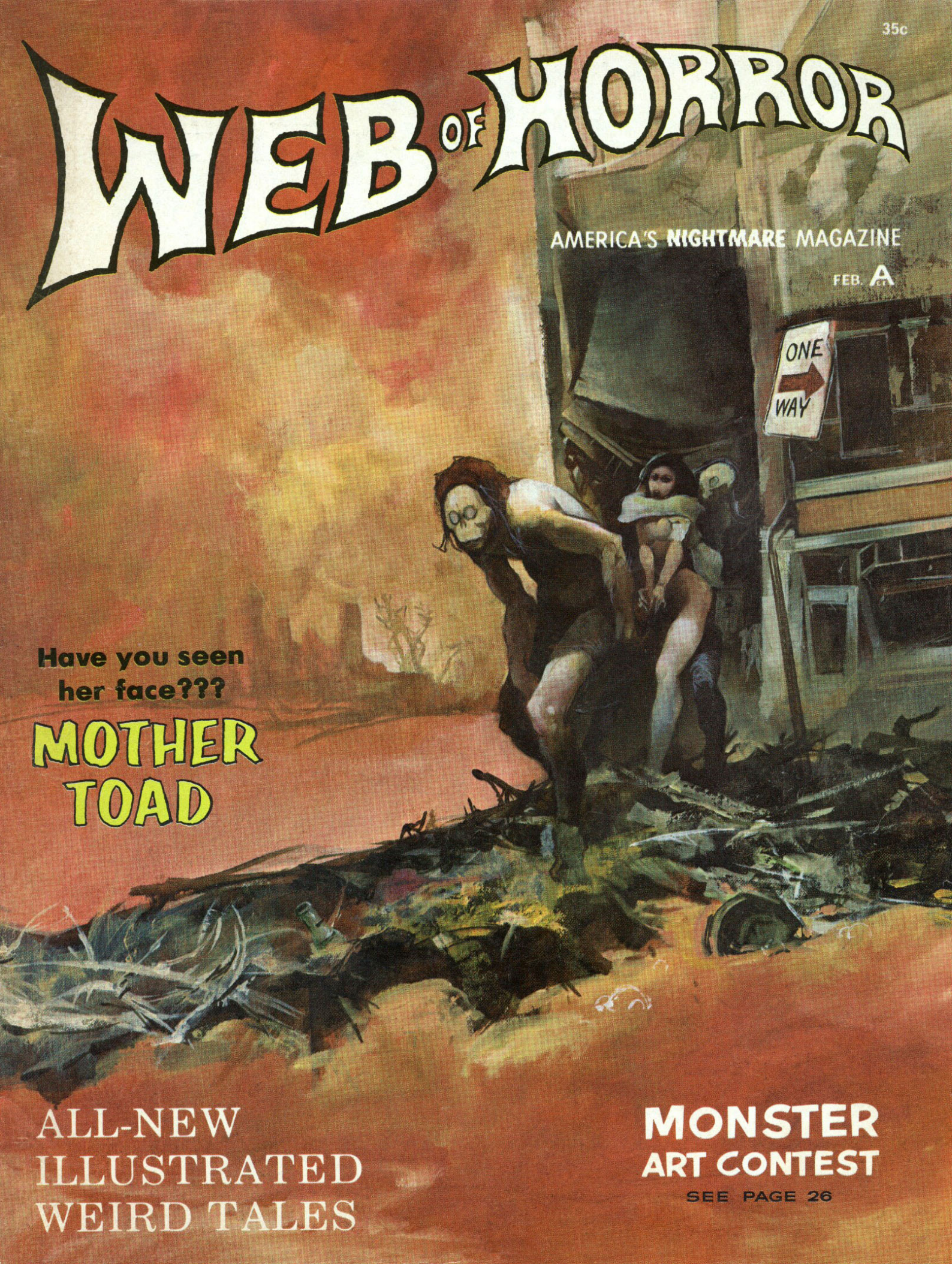
35c

WEB OF HORROR

AMERICA'S NIGHTMARE MAGAZINE

FEB.



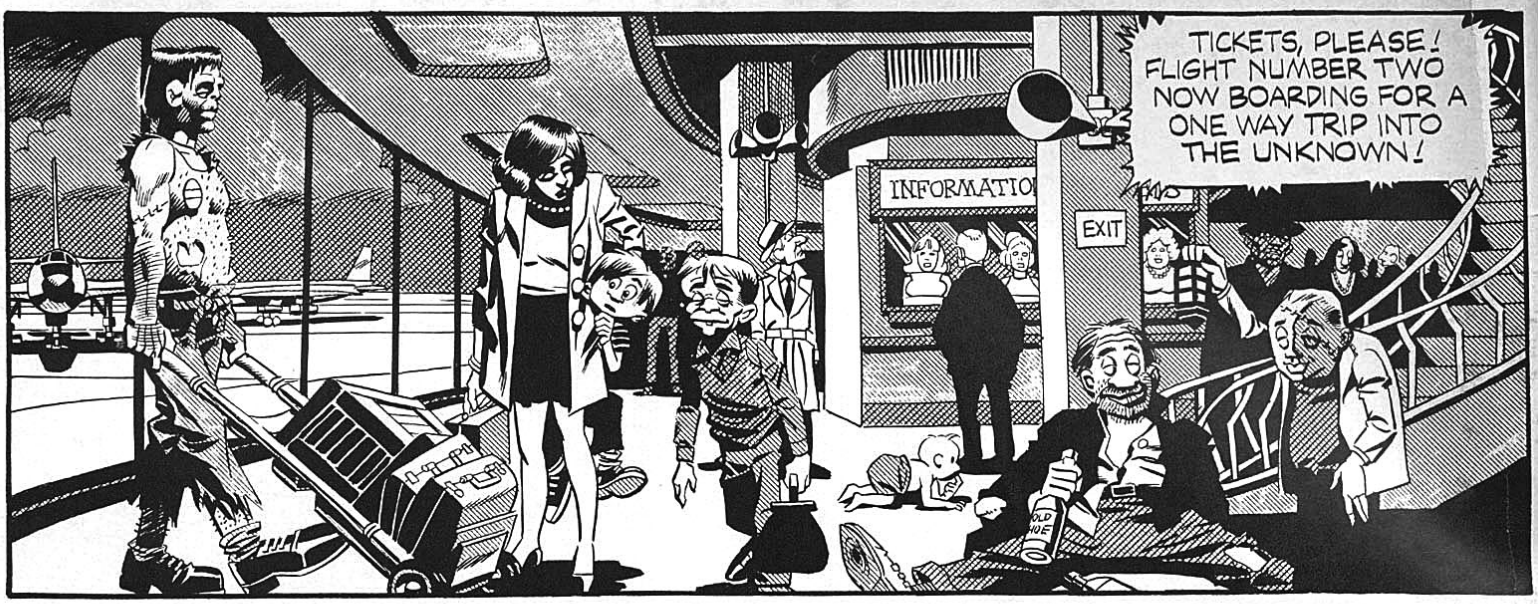
Have you seen her face???

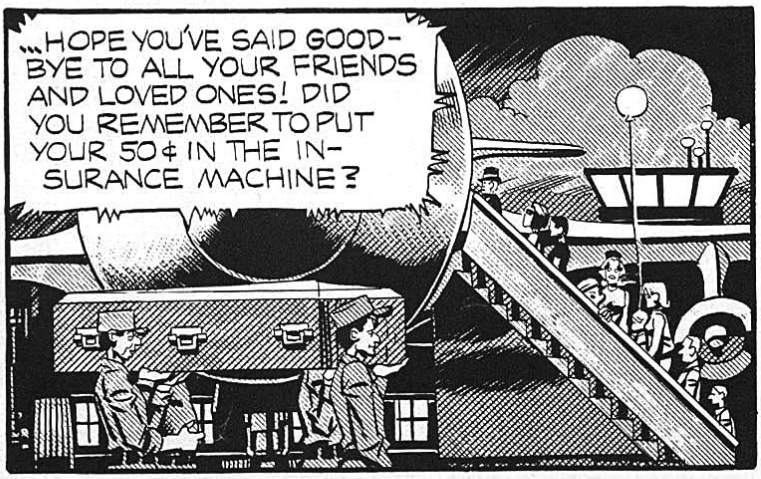
MOTHER TOAD

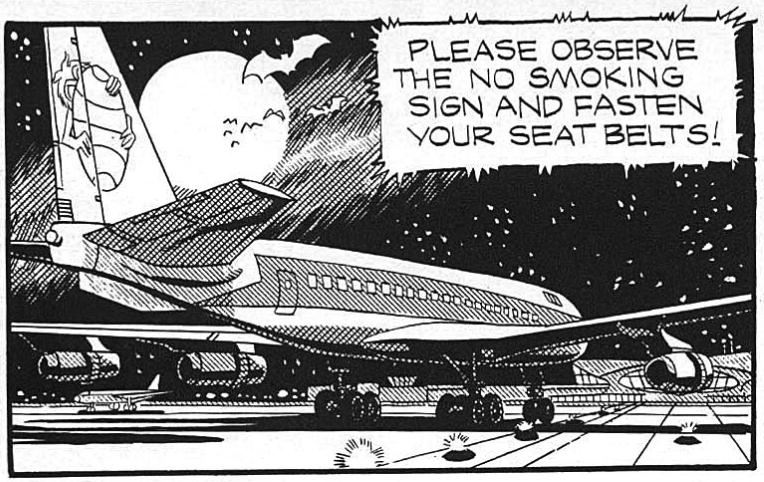
ALL-NEW ILLUSTRATED WEIRD TALES

MONSTER ART CONTEST

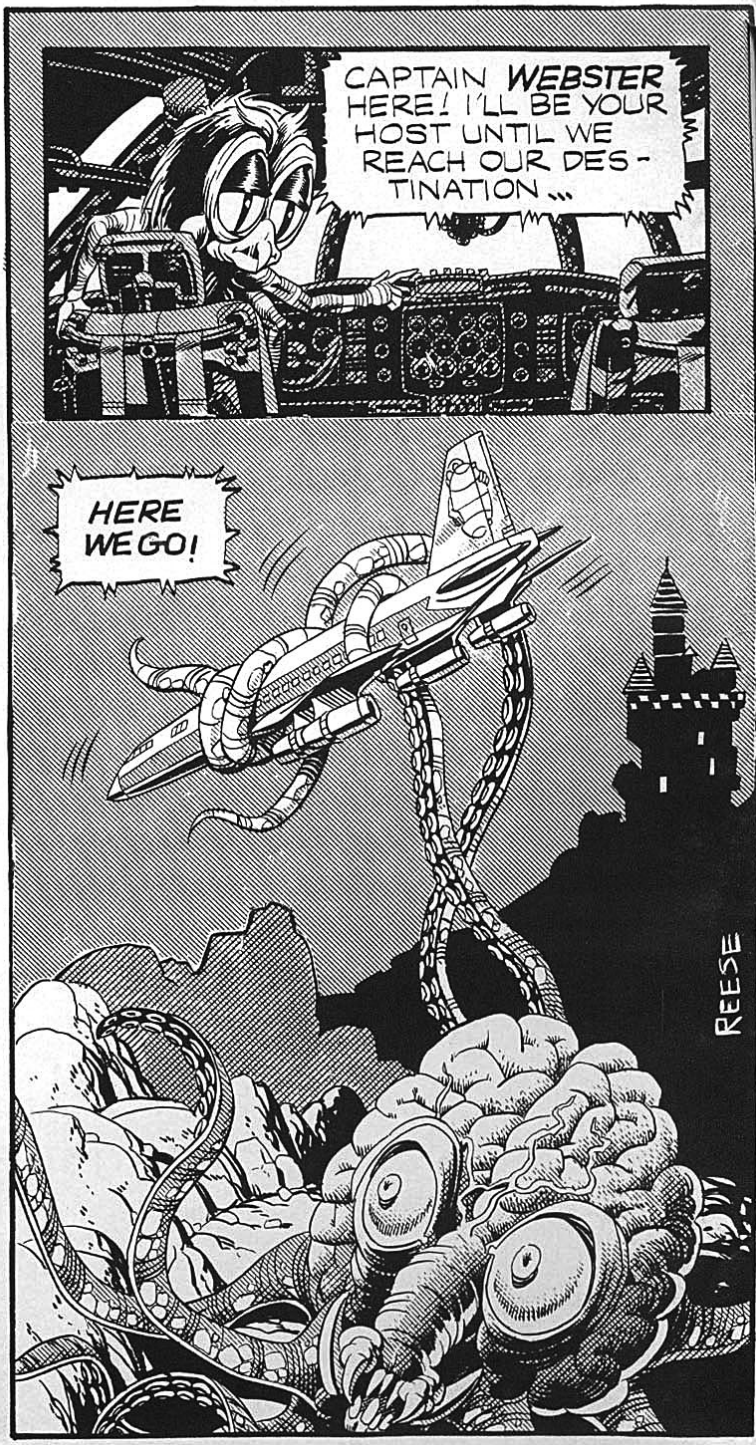
SEE PAGE 26


TICKETS, PLEASE! FLIGHT NUMBER TWO NOW BOARDING FOR A ONE WAY TRIP INTO THE UNKNOWN!
INFORMATIO
EXIT


...HOPE YOU'VE SAID GOOD-BYE TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES! DID YOU REMEMBER TO PUT YOUR 50¢ IN THE IN-SURANCE MACHINE?


PLEASE OBSERVE THE NO SMOKING SIGN AND FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS!

THIS IS YOUR PILOT SPEAKING...


CAPTAIN WEBSTER HERE! I'LL BE YOUR HOST UNTIL WE REACH OUR DES-TINATION...
HERE WE GO!
REESE

WEB OF HORROR

America's NIGHTMARE Magazine

Publisher:
Robert C. Sproul
Editor:
Terry Bisson
Art Director:
Charles Foster
Cover by
Jeff Jones

February 1970

Number 2

ARTISTS: Roger Brand, Mike Kaluta, Alfred Payan, Ralph Reese, Berni Wrightson

WRITERS: Ron Barlow, Otto Binder, Terry Bisson, Wilson Shard, Marvin Wolfman

WEBSTER'S WELCOME 2
Crawl aboard! The pilot has one hand on the throttle, one hand on the stick, one hand on the mike, one hand on the—

THE UN-MASKING 38
Kids aren't the *only* ones who like to dress up on Halloween

BREATHLESS 30
A visit to a very strange planet, where air is more precious than life itself!

ASHES TO ASHES 10
The monstrous heap behind the mortuary wants to make friends. Do you?

MOTHER TOAD 4
Five foot two, eyes of blue. Has anybody seen my girl?

MAN-PLANT FROM THE TOMB .45
Introducing a gruesome ghoul with a *very* green thumb!

SEA OF GRAVES 18
An ancient pyramid on the bottom of the sea yields a treasure of terror

HORROR CENTERFOLD 26
Want to become a comic artist? Here's a contest with a *real* prize—a job!

LETTERS TO WEBSTER 29
First fumes from the fans—three letters from three weirdos!

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No blurbs! Detach for framing and add to your *Web Of Horror* art collection!

WEB OF HORROR is published bi-monthly by Major Magazines, Inc., 1585 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copy, 35c; subscription, $2.10 for 6 issues. Not responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts or art, and all material must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1969. Application to mail at second class postage rate will be made at New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A.

No. 2

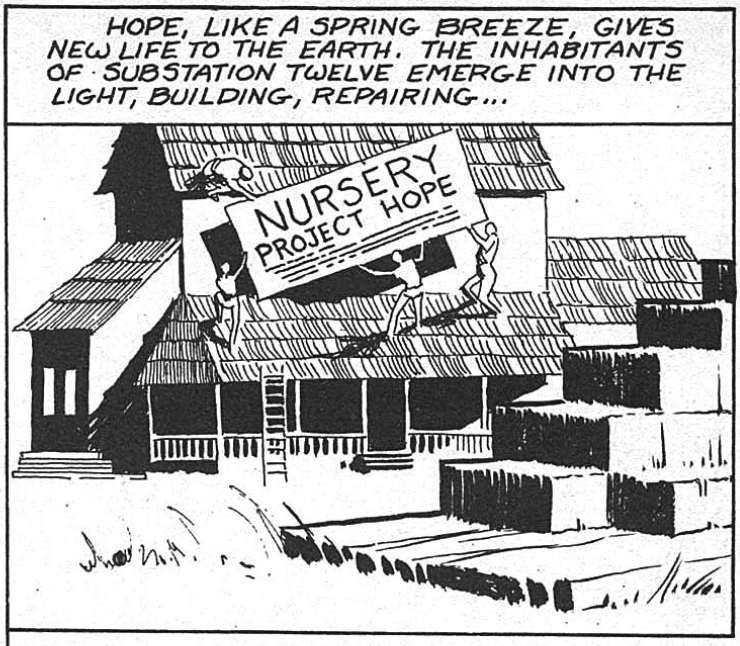
NOTHER WORLD

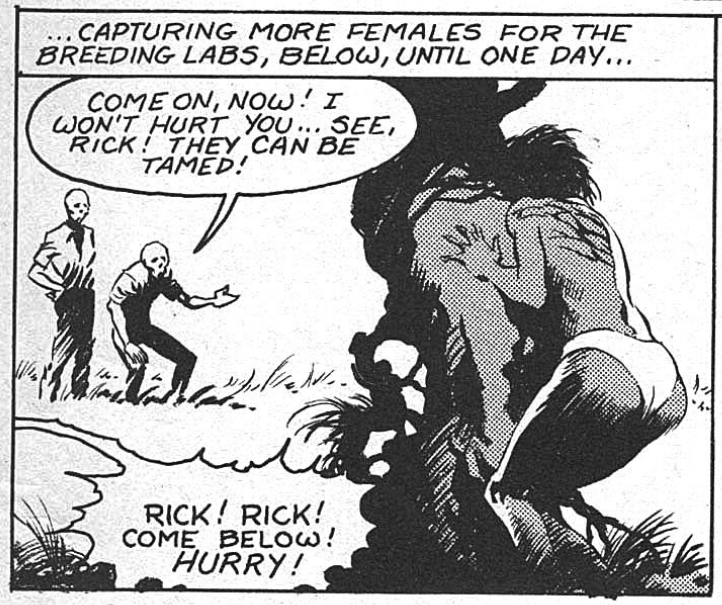
art: **BERNI WRIGHTSON** script: **TERRY BISSON**

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIFTY-THREE YEARS, THE DISTORTED REMNANTS OF THE HUMAN RACE PREPARE TO VISIT THE SURFACE OF THEIR PLANET...
CIVIL DEFENSE SUBSTATION 12
IF WE DON'T COME BACK--DON'T COME AFTER US! WAIT ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS...
THE EARTH! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE ANY-THING SO BEAUTIFUL!
LET'S STICK TO-GETHER... THERE MAY BE DANGER! THE RADIATION COULD HAVE CREATED MONSTERS!
A RUNNING STREAM! IT'S WONDERFUL!
THOSE TOADS LOOK NORMAL...NO SIGN OF HUMAN LIFE, THOUGH--IN ANY FORM. GUESS IT WAS TOO MUCH TO EX-PECT, HERE ON THE SURFACE!
OUR PARENTS WERE EXPOSED TO ONLY A FEW SECONDS OF RADIATION— —AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO US!
ALL MUTANTS--AND ALL MALE! I SUPPOSE WE'RE THE LAST GENERATION OF INTELLIGENT LIFE! BUT WAIT...
LOOK!
IT CAN'T BE! SHE'S--NORMAL!

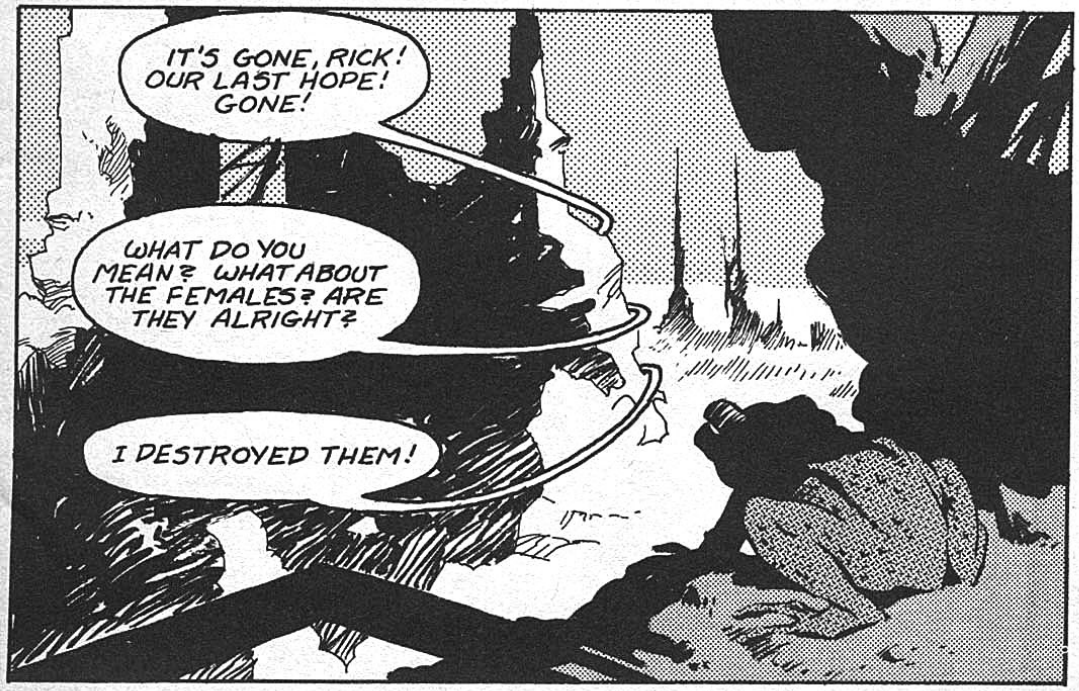
WAIT! WE ARE FRIENDS! WE...
DON'T WASTE YOUR BREATH, BILL! GRAB THEM!
STRANGE! PHYSICALLY, THEY'RE NORMAL FEMALES--BUT MINDLESS...
SEEMS THE RADIATION AFFECTED THEIR BRAINS--NOT THEIR BODIES. THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO US!
BUT, THEY MAY BE ALL WE NEED TO SAVE THE HUMAN RACE! LET'S GET THEM TO THE LAB...
WE'RE AS HIDEOUS TO THEM, OF COURSE, AS WE ARE TO OURSELVES.
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THANKS TO THIS NEW SERUM WE'VE DEVELOPED, OUR CHILDREN WILL BE NORMAL! THEY WILL INHERIT THE EARTH!
NORMAL? HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
THIS SERUM IS A GENETIC TRACE! THE CHILDREN OF THOSE WHO TAKE IT WILL RESEMBLE THEIR GRANDPARENTS, NOT THEIR PARENTS!

OUR CHILDREN WILL BE HUMAN AGAIN?
THAT'S RIGHT! OUR GENERATION WILL BE FORGOTTEN LIKE A BAD DREAM! OUR CHILDREN WILL RESEMBLE OUR PARENTS--AND THE PARENTS OF THESE FEMALES...
BOTH THEIR MINDS AND THEIR BODIES WILL BE NORMAL!


HOPE, LIKE A SPRING BREEZE, GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE EARTH. THE INHABITANTS OF SUBSTATION TWELVE EMERGE INTO THE LIGHT, BUILDING, REPAIRING...
NURSERY PROJECT HOPE


...CAPTURING MORE FEMALES FOR THE BREEDING LABS, BELOW, UNTIL ONE DAY...
COME ON, NOW! I WON'T HURT YOU... SEE, RICK! THEY CAN BE TAMED!
RICK! RICK! COME BELOW! HURRY!

THE CHILDREN? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, AFTER ONLY SIX WEEKS...
YOU'LL SEE... AND THEN YOU'LL WISH YOU HADN'T...


IT'S GONE, RICK! OUR LAST HOPE! GONE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ABOUT THE FEMALES? ARE THEY ALRIGHT?
I DESTROYED THEM!

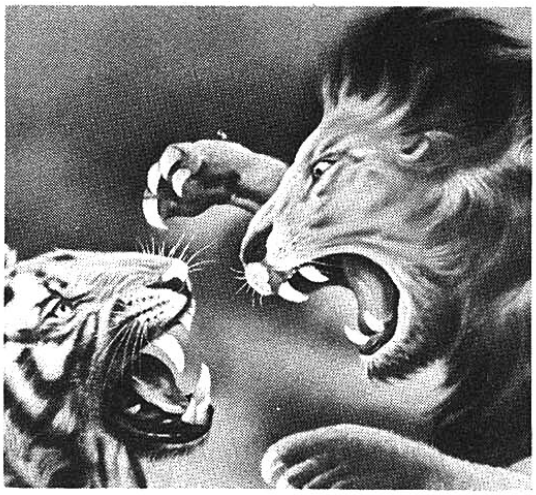
DESTROYED THEM!?!

WHY? WHY DIDN'T THE SERUM WORK?
OH, IT WORKED, ALL RIGHT! THE CHILDREN RESEMBLE THEIR GRAND-PARENTS... BUT, THE FEMALES WERE MUTANTS, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW IT!
...BUT, WE KNEW THEIR MINDS WERE...
THEIR MINDS WERE PERFECTLY NORMAL! IT WAS THEIR BODIES THAT CHANGED!
BREEDING LAB
THEY ONLY LOOKED HUMAN BECAUSE THE RADIATION CHANGED THEM COMPLETELY— EVEN MORE THAN IT CHANGED US!
THEY WERE ACTUALLY...
MUTANT TOADS!
BUT, CHOKE BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HUMANS?
DID THEY CHANGE INTO...
ATTA GIRL! COME ON NOW! HERE'S YOUR DINNER...
NOTHING FOR ME TO SAY BUT...
THE END

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

One of the most thrill-packed, supernatural screen screamers of all time. Eerie is the word for this masterpiece of the mysterious.

LION-TIGER FIGHT

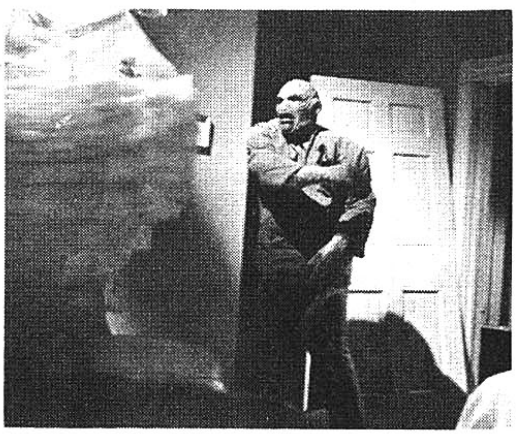


By a chance of luck, a hunter drove a lion into a trap pit with a tiger. The two savages of the jungle battle to the death-ending decision. See who the real king of the beasts is!

ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

A slightly daffy scientist comes up with a weird drug that turns humans into monsters. Lou Costello, by accident, gets a dose of the needle and turns into a monster. Zany but still loaded with terror.

THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US



From the jungle lagoon, The Creature attacks a group of scientists which is trying to trap him. This unearthly phenomenon is captured, but destroys his prison in a sequence of stark-raving fury.

HORROR HOUSE FILM DEPT.
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Each 8MM film costs $6.75 plus 25c for handling.

ON LONDON IN THE 1890s THERE LIVED AN UNDERTAKER, ONE AARON GIZA, WITH A SHREWD HEAD FOR BUSINESS. MR. GIZA'S CLEVERNESS LED HIM TO DEVISE MANY PECULIAR SCHEMES FOR SAVING MONEY AND REDUCING THE "OVERHEAD" OF HIS BUSINESS ... ONE OF WHICH YOU ARE NOW WITNESSING, AS WE BEGIN A TALE OF TERROR CALLED...

NO SOUND BUT THE SOFT SCRAPING OF THE SHOVEL BREAKS THE MIDNIGHT SILENCE OF THE GRAVEYARD, UNTIL...

IN A MACABRE REVERSAL OF THE ANCIENT BURIAL CEREMONY, THE CASKET IS LIFTED FROM ITS "FINAL" RESTING PLACE...

ASHES to ASHES!

art: **ROGER BRAND** script: **RON BARLOW**

BACK AT THE MORTUARY THE CASKET IS UNSEALED, OPENED···
YUH
AH, NOT A SCRATCH! IS THE FIRE READY, LUKE?
···AND EMPTIED!
HURRY, HURRY! IT'S ALMOST DAWN. THIS CASKET HAS TO BE CLEANED AND POLISHED··· I'M GOING TO GET SOME SLEEP.
UH··· YES SIR.
THE NEXT MORNING···
···EXPRESS MY DEEP SORROW AND REGRET, PLEASE ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU THIS FINELY ENGRAVED···
OFF! AWAY! DUMP THE ASHES OR SOMETHING.
···A LABOR OF LOVE, EXPRESSLY MADE TO ORDER, IT WILL BE A LASTING MEMORIAL OF YOUR AFFECTION···
···A FITTING PERMANENT RESTING PLACE FOR SUCH A FINE MAN, WHERE HIS EARTHLY REMAINS WILL BE SAVED FROM THE RAVAGES OF···
YUH··· DUMP ASHES···
I'LL TAKE IT! (GOB)

WHEN DARKNESS FALLS, THE MUTE STONES OF THE GRAVEYARD WITNESS A NOW FAMILIAR SCENE ···

LUKE SHRINKS BACK FROM MR. GIZA'S BLOWS ··· BACK, BACK, UNTIL···
LUKE SORRY!! SORRREEEAAAGH
LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!!
···
AH, WELL···
HE WAS A FRIENDLESS MAN··· NO ONE WILL MISS HIM. BUT I'LL HAVE TO FIND A NEW ASSISTANT, SOON···
ALONE, MR. GIZA WORKS HARD ALL DAY···
···HOW YOU MUST FEEL, MR. HART, AND I HAVE THE PROPER···
···AND FAR INTO THE NIGHT···
200, 300, 400··· AT THIS RATE I'LL BE RICH WITHIN A MONTH, EVEN INCLUDING THE CASKET THAT IDIOT RUINED!
BUT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SELL THIS NEW CASKET TWENTY TIMES!
···WITH SUCH FINE PROFIT IN THE OFFING···
···WHY THEN IS MY SPINE MOMENTARILY CHILLED·?

WHILE MR. GIZA LOVINGLY POLISHES THE CASKET, A QUIET SHUFFLING IS HEARD OUTSIDE THE DOOR ···
··· FUNERALS A YEAR AT 700 APIECE, PLUS ···
THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN ···
WHO'S THERE?
GAAAAAHH!! NO!!
··· REVEALING A HIDEOUS PILE OF ASH AND BONE THAT ONCE WAS A MAN!
IT'S YOU! BUT YOU'RE DEAD! YOU CAN'T HARM ME! I DON'T FEAR THE DEAD!
LUKE DEAD
YOU KILLED LUKE
I DIDN'T MEAN IT! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
IT HURTS TO DIE
LUKE ANGRY
BUT··· NOW··· LUKE GOT MANY FRIENDS
FRIENDS?
NO! ALL OF THEM!
AAAAAAAIIIIGGHHH

THE NEXT DAY…
CONSTABLE! YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME! THE STRANGEST THING…
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT! REMEMBER THAT BIG ASH HEAP IN BACK OF GIZA'S FUNERAL HOME? WELL…
…SOMEHOW IT BLEW INTO THE BUILDING…
GOOD LORD! BUT WHERE'S…
WE FOUND SOMETHING! OVER HERE—!
A GHASTLY SIGHT!
I GUESS HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!
BUT—
—WHAT DID? THERE WAS NO WIND LAST NIGHT!
…HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE!
BRING IT ALONG! WE'LL BURY HIM IN HIS OWN CASKET. HE'D LIKE THAT—
IT LOOKS LIKE GIZA'S ECONOMIZING WENT A LITTLE TOO FAR! NOW THAT BEAUTIFUL CASKET WILL BE BURIED FOREVER, WITH NO ONE TO DIG IT UP! SUCH A WASTE…

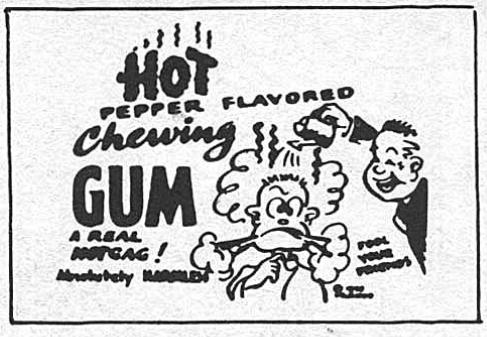
The TRANSYLVANIAN GRAB BAG!

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. BE A MONSTER! PICK ANY AND AS MANY OF THESE GREAT, LAUGH-PACKED NOVELTY ITEMS AS YOU WANT! ONLY 50¢ EACH.

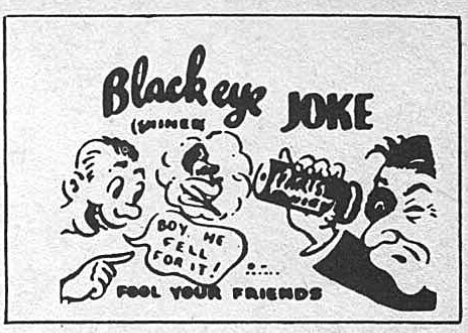
SPECIAL, GIANT OFFER — BUY 4 — GET ONE FREE!

PICK ANY 5 FOR ONLY $2.00 AND GET ONE FREE!

FAKE LIT CIGARETTE



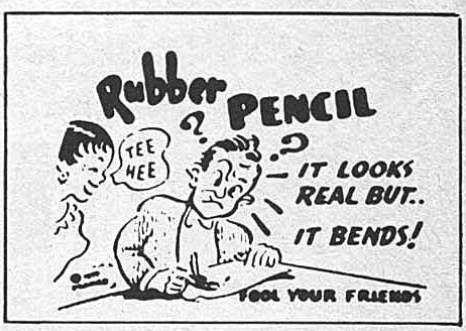
HOT PEPPER GUM



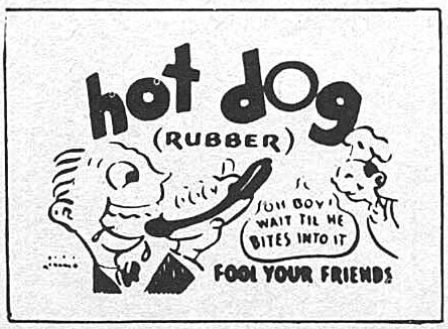
BLACK-EYE JOKE

BIG BUCK TEETH

JUMPING CANDY SNAKE

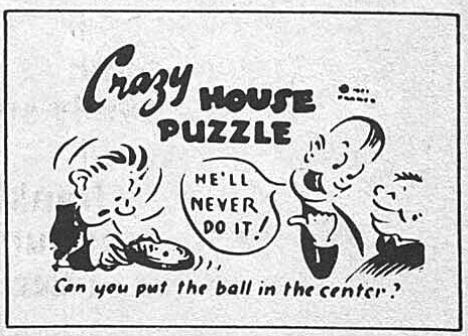


RUBBER PENCIL



REAL RUBBER FRANKFURTER

BLACK SOAP PERFUME



CRAZY HOUSE PUZZLE

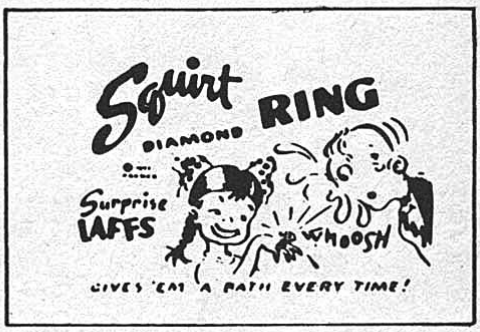
FLY ON A SPOON

FRENCH MUSTACHE

JAKE THE SNAKE

PALPITATOR PLATE LIFTER

BLACK WIDOW SPIDER



SQUIRT RING

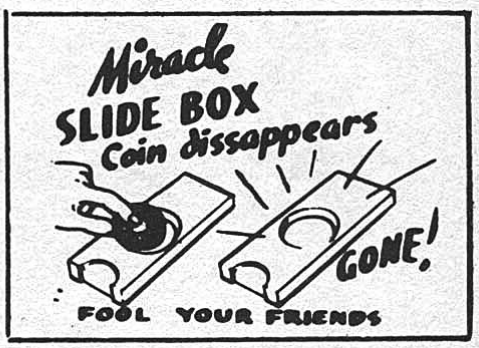
PRINT

NAME & ADDRESS

CLEARLY

ON ALL COUPONS.

TANTALIZING SPOON



MIRACLE COIN SLIDE BOX

HORROR HOUSE GRAB BAG
108 South Franklin Avenue
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I enclose $..... for

- ☐ Fake lit cigarette
- ☐ Hot pepper gum
- ☐ Black-eye joke
- ☐ Big buck teeth
- ☐ Jumping candy snake
- ☐ Rubber pencil
- ☐ Real rubber frankfurter
- ☐ Black soap perfume
- ☐ Crazy house puzzle

NO C.O.D. ORDERS PLEASE

- ☐ Fly on a spoon
- ☐ French mustache
- ☐ Jake the snake
- ☐ Palpitator plate lifter
- ☐ Black widow spider
- ☐ Squirt ring
- ☐ Tantalizing spoon
- ☐ Miracle coin slide box

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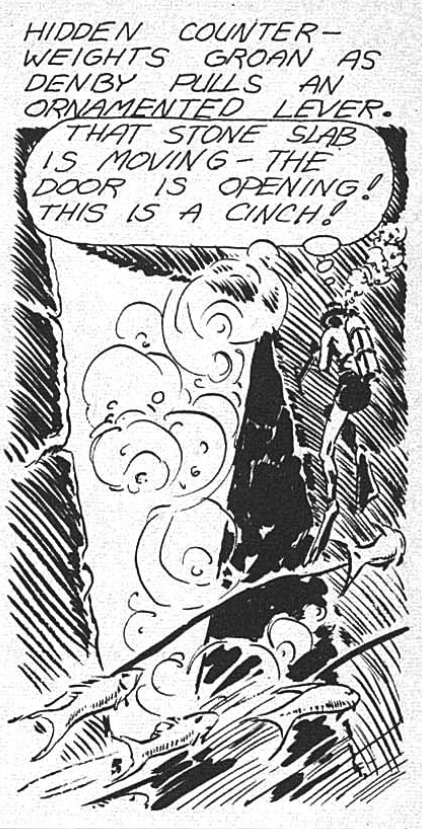
art: **MIKE KALUTA** script: **OTTO BINDER**

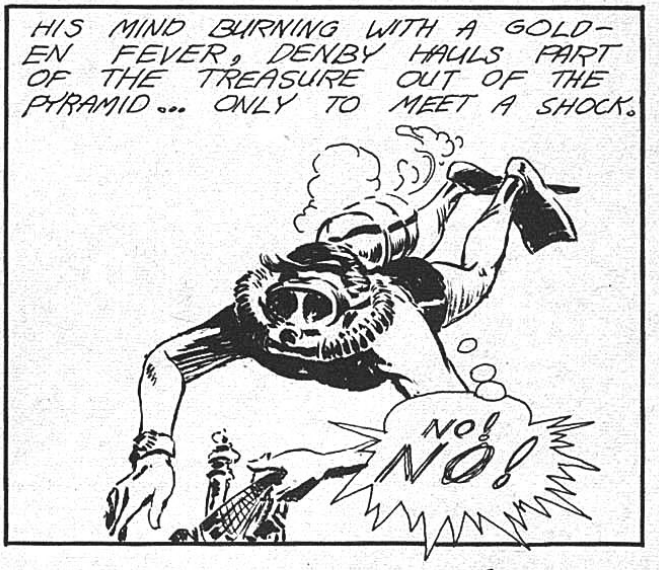
GOLD, JEWELS, ARTIFACTS... PERHAPS EVEN SOME OF THEIR FABLED MEDICINAL ELIXIRS... WHAT A FIND THIS WILL BE FOR THE MUSEUM! WE'LL BOTH BE FAMOUS!
NOT FAMOUS, YOU OLD CREEP - RICH! AND NOT BOTH OF US...
...SINCE YOU DIED IN AN UNFORTUNATE BOATING ACCIDENT!
GHAAAAA!
WITH THE AID OF AN OLD SEA-ANCHOR, DENBY CONSIGNS CRAWFORD TO THE DEEP...
REST IN PEACE, OLD MAN... TEN FATHOMS DOWN! THE TREASURE IS DOWN THERE WAITING... WAITING FOR ME! GOLD, JEWELS... ALL MINE - MINE!
HIDING THEIR WEALTH UNDERWATER WAS A PRETTY CLEVER STUNT! THE SPANIARDS WOULD NEVER HAVE STUMBLED ACROSS IT... LUCKY THING I'VE GOT MY SCUBA GEAR WITH ME!
THIS MAYAN PARCHMENT IS TOUGH ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND A SOAKING, AT LEAST UNTIL I FIND THE TREASURE!

IN THE MURKY DEPTHS, WHERE NO MAN HAS BEEN FOR CENTURIES, THE STRANGEST TREASURE HUNT IN HISTORY BEGINS!
HMM! BY GOING DUE EAST, I'LL FIND THE FIRST LANDMARK... OR SEAMARK!
THERE IT IS! A TOTEM-POLE MADE OF TREATED CORAL SO THAT IT HAS SURVIVED THE AGES... AND THE ARROW SHOWS WHICH WAY TO GO!
BUT DENBY COMES UPON AN UNEXPECTED "SEAMARK"— ONE THAT SENDS SHIVERS OF TERROR DOWN HIS SPINE...
WH-WHAT'S THAT? ...YIPES! THE BODY OF OLD CRAWFORD! HOW DID IT DRIFT THIS FAR? OH WELL, FORGET IT AND GO ON. PLENTY OF AIR IN MY TANKS; THE TREASURE CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD.
IN THE EERIE DEPTHS, DENBY SUCCEEDS IN FOLLOWING OTHER UNDERSEA MARKERS ON THE TREASURE TRAIL...
UNTIL...
THERE IT IS!

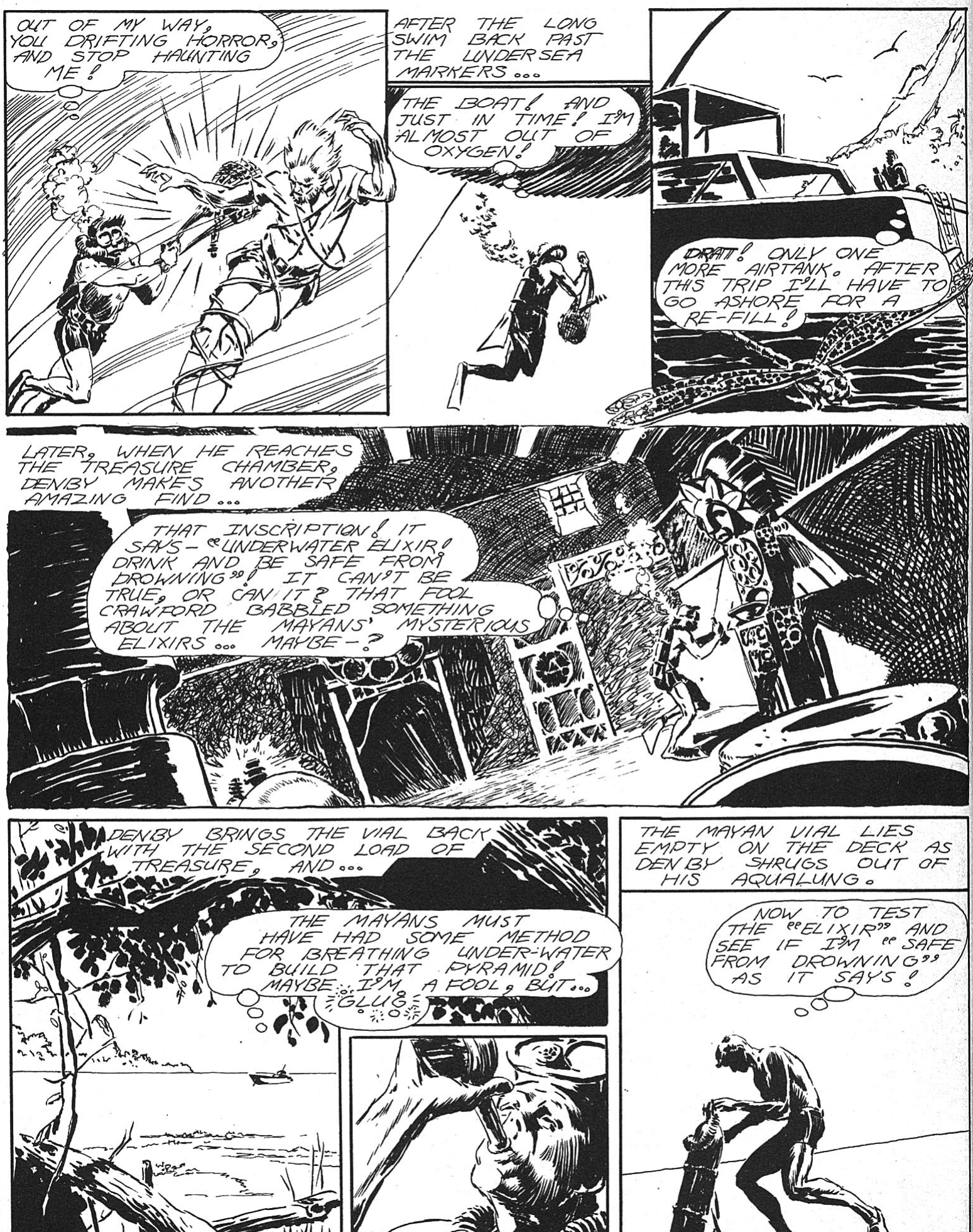
AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE LOOMS MYSTERIOUSLY IN THE WATER—
WHAT'S THAT INSCRIPTION? "DEFILERS OF THIS TEMPLE WILL MEET WATERY DOOM!" BAH! THE USUAL SILLY THREAT TO SCARE AWAY VANDALS!


HIDDEN COUNTER-WEIGHTS GROAN AS DENBY PULLS AN ORNAMENTED LEVER.
THAT STONE SLAB IS MOVING - THE DOOR IS OPENING! THIS IS A CINCH!

WINDING PASSAGEWAYS HONEYCOMB THE PYRAMID, YET DENBY KEEPS HIS SENSE OF DIRECTION UNTIL...
HOLY COW!! THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF THE MAYAN KINGS - LOST FOR ALL THESE CENTURIES! MINE FOR THE TAKING!


HIS MIND BURNING WITH A GOLDEN FEVER, DENBY HAULS PART OF THE TREASURE OUT OF THE PYRAMID... ONLY TO MEET A SHOCK.
NO! NO!

CRAWFORD'S CORPSE!


OUT OF MY WAY, YOU DRIFTING HORROR, AND STOP HAUNTING ME!
AFTER THE LONG SWIM BACK PAST THE UNDERSEA MARKERS ...
THE BOAT! AND JUST IN TIME! I'M ALMOST OUT OF OXYGEN!
DRAT! ONLY ONE MORE AIRTANK. AFTER THIS TRIP I'LL HAVE TO GO ASHORE FOR A RE-FILL!
LATER, WHEN HE REACHES THE TREASURE CHAMBER, DENBY MAKES ANOTHER AMAZING FIND ...
THAT INSCRIPTION! IT SAYS - "UNDERWATER ELIXIR! DRINK AND BE SAFE FROM DROWNING"! IT CAN'T BE TRUE, OR CAN IT? THAT FOOL CRAWFORD BABBLED SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAYANS' MYSTERIOUS ELIXIRS ... MAYBE -?
DENBY BRINGS THE VIAL BACK WITH THE SECOND LOAD OF TREASURE, AND ...
THE MAYANS MUST HAVE HAD SOME METHOD FOR BREATHING UNDER-WATER TO BUILD THAT PYRAMID! MAYBE I'M A FOOL, BUT ...
GLUG
THE MAYAN VIAL LIES EMPTY ON THE DECK AS DENBY SHRUGS OUT OF HIS AQUALUNG.
NOW TO TEST THE "ELIXIR" AND SEE IF I'M "SAFE FROM DROWNING" AS IT SAYS!

IT WORKS! I CAN BREATHE UNDERWATER, LIKE A FISH! NO MORE CLUMSY TANKS TO WEAR! AND I CAN SEE PERFECTLY WITHOUT MY MASK!

MINUTES LATER DENBY IS ONCE AGAIN IN THE TREASURE CHAMBER.
IT'LL BE A CINCH NOW TO SWIM BACK AND FORTH WITH LOADS OF THE TREASURE UNTIL I'VE GOT IT ALL! HAAAA!

OUTSIDE THE PYRAMID, DENBY'S TRIUMPH IS SHARED BY AN UNWELCOME "GUEST"...
HIM AGAIN! HE SEEMS ALMOST AS IF HE'S FOLLOWING ME!

WELL... ONE MORE TRIP AND I'LL BE RID OF HIM, FOREVER!

WITH HIS GREED KNOWING NO BOUNDS, DENBY MAKES THE RETURN TRIP IN RECORD TIME...
I CAN SIMPLY DUMP EACH LOAD INTO THE TRAWLING NET WITHOUT WASTING TIME GOING UP ON DECK! NOW FOR THAT LAST LOAD!

AS DENBY MAKES HIS FINAL TRIP TO THE PYRAMID THE MUTILATED CORPSE SEEMS TO FOLLOW HIM. IT LEERS HIDEOUSLY, AS IF LAUGHING AT SOME UNKNOWN JOKE...

I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO GET ASHORE AND AWAY FROM **HIM!** THERE'S THE PYRAMID...

BUT SOON THE TREASURE IS SAFE IN THE TRAWLING NET, AND DENBY PREPARES TO CLIMB ON BOARD...

ALL DONE! NOW TO ENJOY A LIFE OF LUXURY!

ONLY TO MEET A GHASTLY SURPRISE!

I-I CAN'T BREATHE! CHOKE! WHATS WRONG? IT'S ALMOST AS IF I'M- **DROWNING IN AIR!**

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE DRINKING THE ELIXIR DENBY'S THOUGHTS WERE NOT ON THE TREASURE... HE LOOKED WILDLY AT HIS **WEBBED HANDS** - HIS **WEBBED FEET**, HIS **SLIME** COVERED **BODY** - AND HE COULD ONLY IMAGINE THE HORROR THAT WAS HIS **FACE!**

LATER, A HALF-MAD FIGURE SITS FORLORNLY ON THE STEPS OF THE ANCIENT PYRAMID - PEERING INTO A HIDEOUS AND ENDLESS FUTURE...

THE WARNING CAME TRUE! **'WATERY DOOM'!** THE ELIXIR ONLY WORKS **ONE WAY!** I CAN BREATHE **WATER** - BUT NOT **AIR!**

MY TREASURE IS USE-LESS HERE. AND CRAWFORD'S BODY, GRINNING AT ME - **FOREVER!**

IT LOOKS LIKE HAL DENBY TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL WEBBED HORROR! HE AND POOR PROFESSOR CRAWFORD SHOULD MAKE QUITE A PAIR. MAYBE THEY'LL TURN UP AGAIN IN ANOTHER ONE OF MY LITTLE TALES,

WHO KNOWS?

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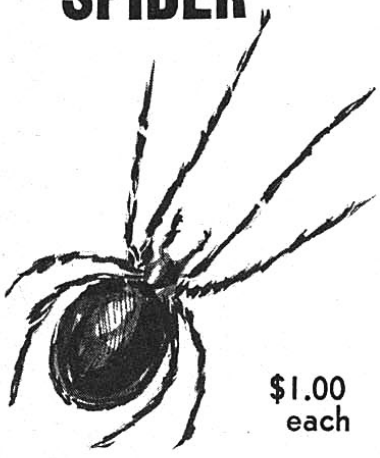

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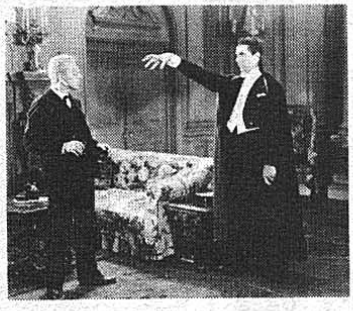

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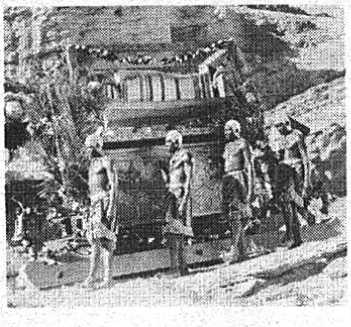

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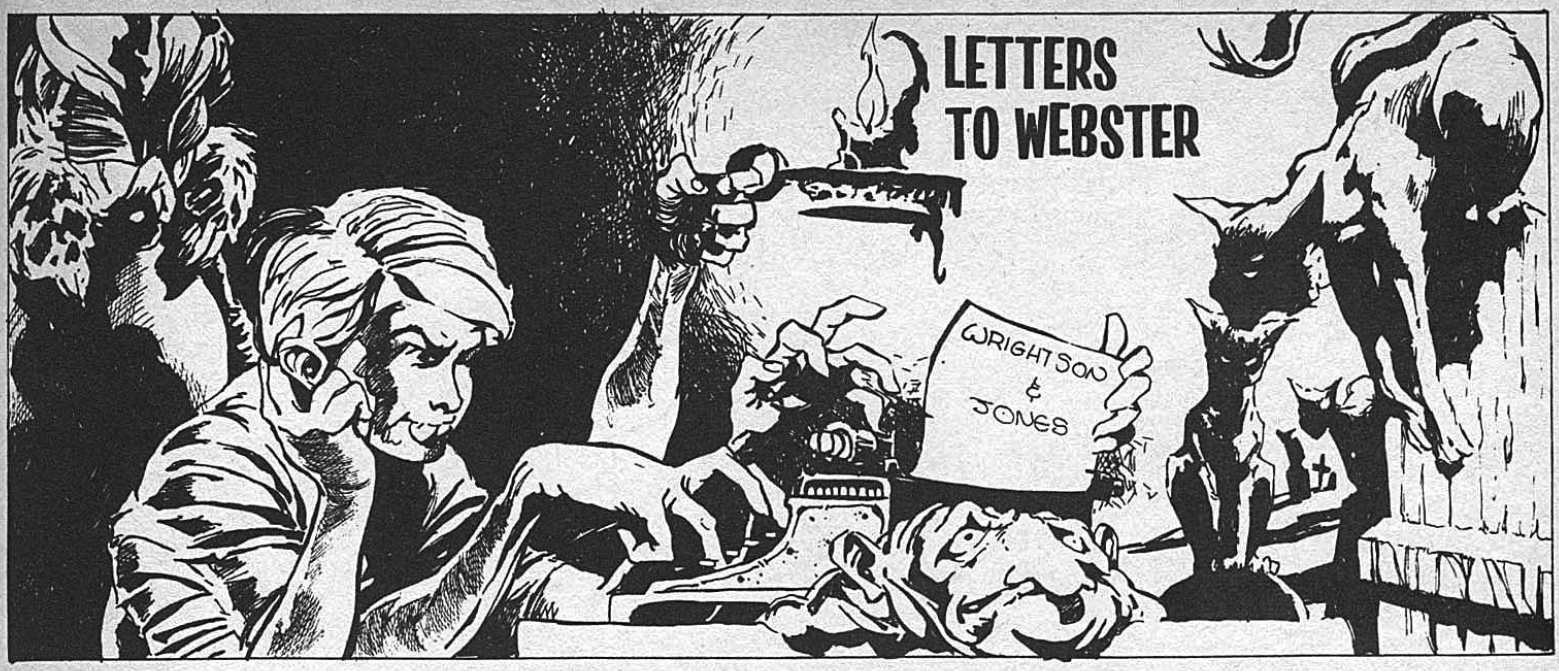


Dear Webster:
You're off to a pretty good start. I hope you can keep it up without using reprints or raising the price of the mag. Some of your artists are really tops, such as Berni Wrightson and Ralph Reese. The cover was pretty good, although I've seen better by Jones. I like the extra cover on the back. I also like the comic artist contest. Is it on the level? The only story I didn't like was SKIN-EATERS. Was it supposed to be thought-provoking? It just put me to sleep. I like the idea of short, three or four-page stories, though. Try again. GROWTH had a great script, and the art matched it perfectly. BLOOD THIRST wasn't so hot. We can get vampires on TV, so let us have something *really* horrible! THE GAME THAT PLAYS YOU was a good idea, and I liked the EC type ending. DEAD LETTER was the best in the mag, but who wrote it? I recognize Donald Norman's art. ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD was kid-stuff, but there were a couple of good panels. How about some sci-fi horror? This is the space age, you know!

David Ansen
New York, New York

Dear Webster:
Thanks for a really revolting first issue. It's exciting to see a new horror mag on the scene, and I wish you the best of luck. I especially dig the back cover, since it allows me to collect the *great* Jeff Jones art without your *stupid* blurbs! I guess you need them on the front, but please keep them off the back. I also dig your no-reprint policy, and I hope you'll keep it up. What I didn't like was the way you looked different in every story. Berni Wrightson's Webster was the best—why don't you stick with that? The stories were all good, especially BLOOD-THIRST and DEAD LETTER. I'd like to see more of the Brothers Ussher. Are they going to be regulars? I think there ought to be at least one werewolf in each issue. Let's have lots of vampires, too!

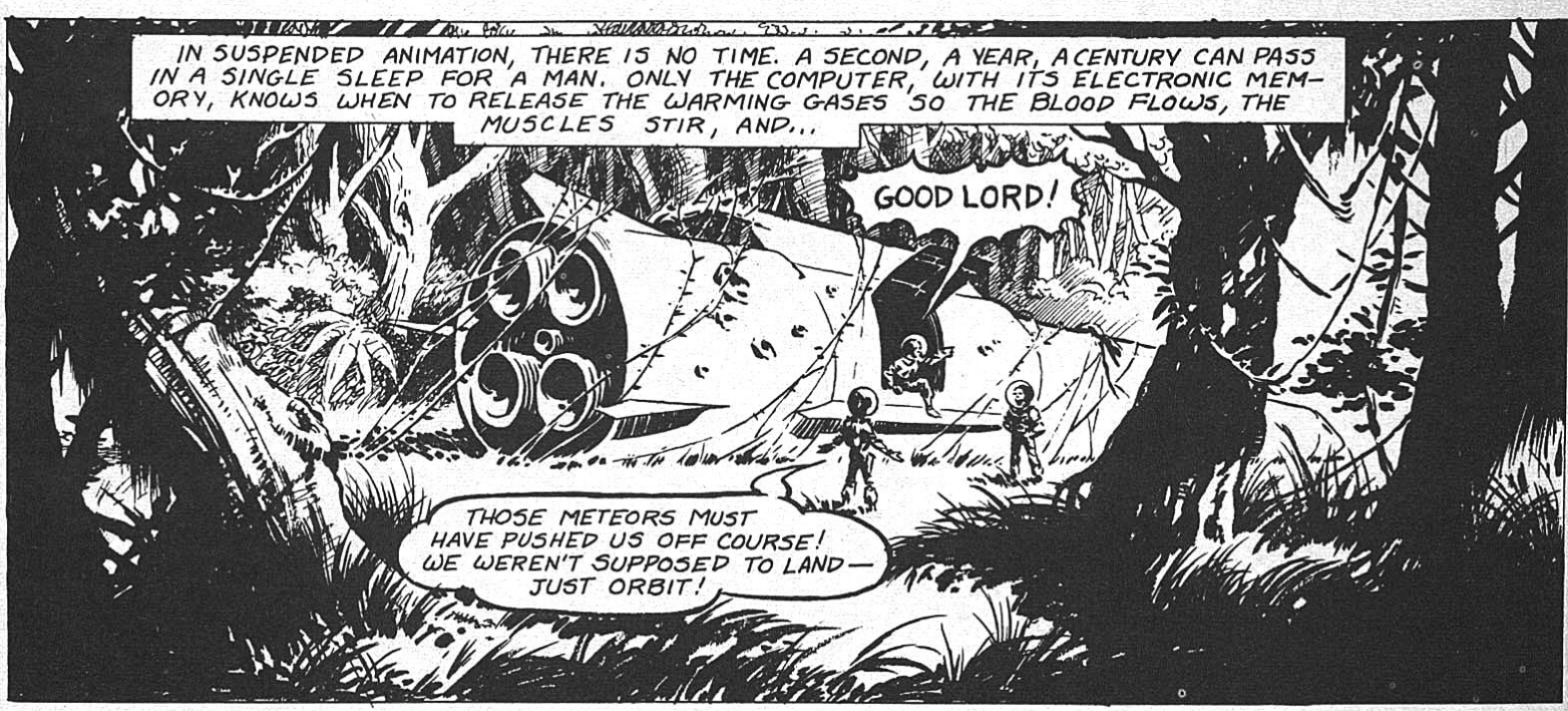
Larry Laszlo
Mendocino, California

Dear Webster:
Congratulations on an *almost-great* first issue! I say almost great, because you goofed in a couple of spots. Like, who wrote the script for DEAD LETTER? I think I recognize the artist as Donald Norman—who did a beautiful job—but I'd like to know who wrote the story, since I think it's the best in the issue. I also liked GROWTH. The SKIN EATERS was great, but it should have been longer. ISLAND OF THE WALKING DEAD should have been shorter—like eleven pages shorter! The story was pretty good but the art looked rushed. BLOOD THIRST was corny, but Syd Shores saved it. I think vampires, werewolves and zombies are corny, and I'd like to see more science fiction. All in all, though, it was a good issue for a first try. I'll be waiting for number two!

Dave Parman
Bloomington, Indiana

art: **BERNI WRIGHTSON** script: **MARVIN WOLFMAN**

THE VIOLENCE OF THE GIANT ENGINES DIES AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN AND SCORPIO IV SLIPS INTO A SILENT ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH...
...WHERE THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE LONG TRIP TO VENUS BEGIN!
CAN'T YOU WORK ANY FASTER, WILSON?
OH, SHUT UP, ADAMS! I'M SICK OF LISTENING TO YOUR GRIPING!
STOW IT! BOTH OF YOU! BEFORE I BASH IN YOUR STUPID SKULLS!
ALL DONE! THE COMPUTER HANDLES THE REST. IT'LL EJECT US FROM EARTH ORBIT AND WHEN WE WAKE UP, WE'LL BE CIRCLING VENUS!
SEE YOU CREEPS IN EIGHT MONTHS!
THE CHILLING GAS SEEPS INTO THE CHAMBERS AND THE NUMBING PROCESS BEGINS, WHEN A SHRILL RINGING FILLS THE SHIP...
...THE ALARM...
METEORS...
...TOO LATE...
...PASSING OUT...
CONDITION RED
THERE IS NO SOUND AS THE METEORS RIP THROUGH SCORPIO IV. NO SOUND IN THE SILENT VACUUM OF SPACE...
...AND NO ONE TO HEAR...


IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION, THERE IS NO TIME. A SECOND, A YEAR, A CENTURY CAN PASS IN A SINGLE SLEEP FOR A MAN. ONLY THE COMPUTER, WITH ITS ELECTRONIC MEMORY, KNOWS WHEN TO RELEASE THE WARMING GASES SO THE BLOOD FLOWS, THE MUSCLES STIR, AND...
GOOD LORD!
THOSE METEORS MUST HAVE PUSHED US OFF COURSE! WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO LAND— JUST ORBIT!

IT'S ALMOST WORTH IT, JUST TO SEE THIS! LIFE ON VENUS! WE THOUGHT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE IN A HELIUM-OZONE ATMOSPHERE, BUT THESE PLANTS THRIVE ON IT!
I WISH WE COULD! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS! THE SHIP'S AIR SUPPLY IS GONE! ALL WE'VE GOT IS ON OUR BACKS... AND THAT'LL ONLY LAST TWO HOURS!
WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE! AN EMERGENCY SUPPLY SATELLITE WAS SENT TO ORBIT VENUS BEFORE WE LEFT, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED!
WE CAN BRING IT DOWN WITH OUR SUIT RADIOS. IT HAS AIR, WATER, FOOD – ENOUGH TO LAST FOR OVER A YEAR... UNTIL A RESCUE SHIP FROM EARTH GETS HERE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM...

WHAT PROBLEM?
THE EMERGENCY SATELLITE WILL TAKE THREE HOURS TO LAND!
BUT, WE ONLY HAVE TWO HOURS OF OXYGEN EACH!

ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO DIE!

THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY!
BUT THERE ISN'T... ...ONLY, HOW DO WE DECIDE WHICH ONE?
THE FAIREST WAY IS TO DRAW STRAWS!
YOU FIRST, WILSON!
WHEW! I GOT A LONG ONE!
YOUR TURN, ADAMS!
NO!
NO!!
TOUGH BREAK... ...SORRY, ADAMS...
...NO...
NO! GET AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
C'MON, ADAMS... YOU GOT THE SHORT STRAW! YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!
COME BACK, YOU FOOL! IF YOU RUN AWAY, WE'LL ALL DIE!

CAN'T RISK A SHOT... ...MIGHT HIT HIS AIR TANKS!
PLEASE! NO! AAAAAH!

I GOT HIM! RIP OUT HIS RADIO! —AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIM!

NOW, SHUT THE HOSE VALVES AND GET HIS TANKS! QUICK!

ADAMS' AGONIZED SCREAMS ARE SILENT, ECHOING INSIDE HIS SUIT, WHERE ONLY HE CAN HEAR THEM...
WE'LL STOW THE TANKS TILL WE NEED THEM! I'LL BEAM IN THE SATELLITE!

...UNTIL THE LAST THIN BREATH OF OXYGEN IS GONE, AND THE SUIT CONTAINS ONLY THE BLEAK VACUUM OF SPACE...
NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT!
EARTH IS SURE TO SEND A SHIP WHEN THEY DON'T GET US ON THE RADIO!

THE MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS, LIKE CENTURIES, IN THE UNEARTHLY JUNGLE, WHERE THE SILENCE IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE SLOW HISSING OF THE LIFE-GIVING OXYGEN AS IT IS BEING USED...
SOON, WE'LL BE HOME FREE! THE RESCUE SHIPS CAN HOME IN ON THE SATELLITE'S FREQUENCY TO FIND US!
BUT WHERE IS IT? WHY HASN'T IT LANDED? IT'S BEEN OVER TWO HOURS ALREADY!
MY AIR'S GETTING BAD! GIVE ME ONE OF THE SPARE TANKS!
NOT YET! YOU'LL GET IT WHEN I SAY SO AND NOT BEFORE!
I WANT IT NOW! I SEE YOUR GAME--YOU PLAN TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME AND LET ME DIE! WELL, I'M TAKING IT ALL!
NO, WILSON! REALLY, I...
BREATHE DEEP TRACY! THE POISONOUS AIR OF VENUS WILL MAKE IT QUICK FOR YOU!
NO... AAAAAHH!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FINISH YOU OFF SO YOU WON'T SUFFER!
WILSON! WAIT! IT'S... AAARRGH!
NOW, AT LEAST ONE OF US WILL GET BACK TO EARTH ALIVE...

THE SATELLITE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MOMENT, NOW, AND I'LL BE SAFE!
THE MINUTES CREEP BY, THE PRECIOUS OXYGEN HISSES AWAY, AS WILSON FRANTICALLY SEARCHES THE SKIES...
...WAITING, WAITING, AS THE MINUTES TURN TO HOURS...
SOON, IT'LL LAND, AND I'LL HAVE ALL THE AIR I NEED! SOON...
...AND GASPING BREATHLESSLY FOR THE LAST FAINT WHIFF OF OXYGEN...
IT...IT DIDN'T LAND! AND I'M OUT! WHAT HAPPENED?
I CAN'T... ULKH!
...WAITING FOR THE SATELLITE THAT WILL NEVER COME...
THERE THEY ARE! WE FOUND THEM!
TOO LATE! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! BUT WHY...
WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST TAKE OFF THEIR HELMETS AND LET THE FRESH AIR IN?
I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW.
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR THEM EVER SINCE THE METEORS KNOCKED THEIR SHIP BACK TO EARTH HERE IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE!
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HAD ENOUGH **HORROR** FOR AWHILE, WEB-WANDERERS? LET'S TAKE A BREAK AND LOOK IN ON THE LIGHTER SIDE OF "LIFE"! LET'S GO TO A PARTY... A FUN-FILLED EVENING OF MAKE-BELIEVE MONSTERS AND TIPSY TERROR. AT LEAST, THAT'S THE WAY IT STARTED OUT FOR THE FRANK WILSONS AND THEIR FRIENDS, UNTIL...

THE UNMAKING

GREAT HALLOWEEN PARTY, FRANK! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE THE LAST FULL MOON.. HAW-HAW!

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN SO TIGHT, YOU MEAN! HOW YOU MANAGED TO GET SO MUCH BOOZE THROUGH THAT MASK, I'LL NEVER KNOW, HARRY!

THANKS, HARRY! THERE'S ONE PROBLEM, THOUGH. WE'RE ALL OUT!

OH, NO!! THAT'S THE END OF OUR HALLOWEEN!

NO IT ISN'T! THE LIQUOR STORE'S STILL OPEN, COME ON!

LET'S ALL GO!

AAAARRGGHHH!

HARRY, ACT YOUR AGE! IT'S CRUEL TO SCARE KIDS LIKE THAT!

AW, LET HIM ALONE, IT'S HALLOWEEN! LET'S GO!

EEEEEEEE

art: **ALFRED PAYAN** script: **WILSON SHARD**

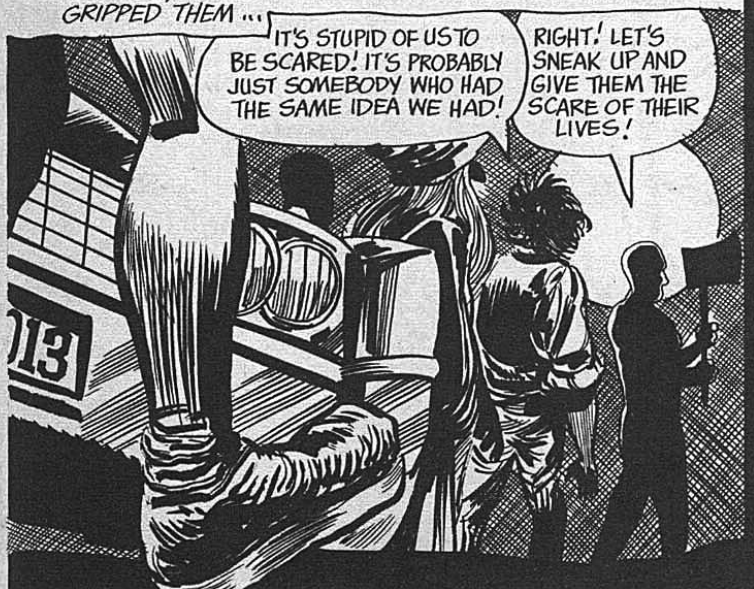
HALLOWEEN, THE ANCIENT CELEBRATION OF EVIL AND DARKNESS. WHEN THE WEIRD AND TERRIFYING SEEM "NORMAL" FOR A NIGHT...

...AND WHAT SEEMS "NORMAL" TO AVERAGE PEOPLE LIKE THE WILSONS AND THEIR FRIENDS CAN TURN OUT TO BE AN INVITATION TO... HORROR!

AS THE PARTY SPED OVER THE BACK ROADS, THEIR SPIRITS SEEMED TO RISE WITH THE FULL MOON THAT CAST ITS COLD LIGHT OVER THE SILENT COUNTRYSIDE...

BUT AS THEY APPROACHED THE "DESERTED" HOUSE, A CHILL FELL OVER THE MERRY-MAKERS...

THE MOON SLIPPED BEHIND A CLOUD, PLUNGING THEM INTO DARKNESS, AS THEY FOUGHT THE UNNAMED FEAR THAT GRIPPED THEM...



THE SHADOWS FELT STRANGELY FAMILIAR, COMFORTING.... AS IF THEY HAD BECOME THE NIGHTMARE CREATURES THEY WERE PRETENDING TO BE...

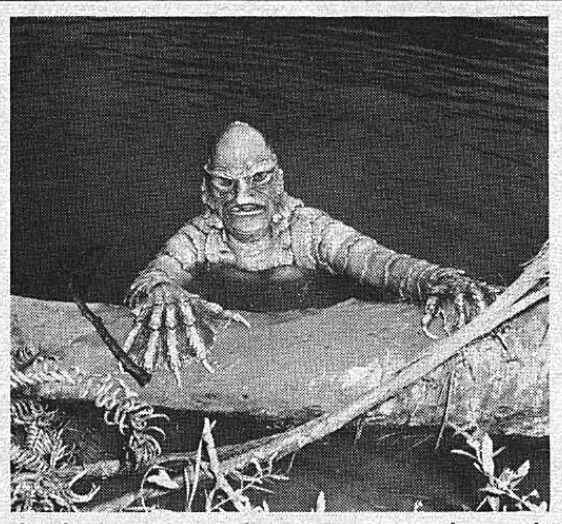
BUT AS THEY PEERED THROUGH THE TIME-STAINED WINDOWS...
SEE? EVERYTHING'S NORMAL! THEY'RE JUST ORDINARY PEOPLE, LIKE US, HAVING A LITTLE CELEBRATION!
I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANYONE?
IT LOOKS LIKE A DULL PARTY! LET'S LIVEN THINGS UP FOR THEM...
A HASTY PLAN, FORMED IN THE SHADOWS OF THE HOUSE, PROMISED TO ADD TO THE FUN OF THE EVENING....
SUSAN AND I'LL KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR...
WE'LL COME IN THROUGH THE WINDOW...
I KNOW A BACK WAY! WE'LL SNEAK IN AND COME DOWN THE BIG STAIRWAY!
THE OMINOUS SOUND OF THE OLD BRASS KNOCKER ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE, UNTIL FOOTSTEPS WERE HEARD...
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, FRANK? WHAT IF WE CAUSE SOMEBODY TO HAVE A HEART ATTACK, OR...
STOP WORRYING, WILL YOU? NOBODY WOULD BE OUT HERE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS IF THEY DIDN'T WANT TO BE SCARED!
KRANG KRANG KRANG
BUT THE STRANGER WHO OPENED THE DOOR SEEMED ALMOST TO EXPECT THEM...
UURRRIIIGHHOO!
WELL, HELLO! DO COME IN! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR OUR LITTLE CELEBRATION!
WHAT THE...?
AND HIS GUESTS SMILED PLEASANTLY, IF A LITTLE STIFFLY, AT THE GROTESQUE VISITORS...
AREN'T YOU...I MEAN, WE EXPECTED YOU TO BE AT LEAST A LITTLE FRIGHTENED BY OUR COSTUMES...
OH, I SEE! COSTUMES! YES, THEY REALLY ARE QUITE...HORRIFYING, AREN'T THEY! STUNNING, REALLY!
AND THESE MUST BE FRIENDS OF YOURS, ALSO IN COSTUME, I PRESUME! HOW VERY CLEVER!
OF COURSE! THAT'S THE REST OF OUR PARTY AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS! WE HAD PLANNED TO FRIGHTEN YOU...AS A JOKE!

SPLENDID IDEA! SORRY WE WEREN'T FRIGHTENED! I GUESS BEING IN THIS OLD HOUSE SORT OF PUTS ONE IN A STRANGE MOOD... BUT COME, YOU MUST JOIN US FOR A DRINK!
THAT'S WHAT I NEED... A DRINK! JUST LET ME TAKE OFF THIS DARNED MASK....
THE DANK, FETID SMELL OF THE DECREPIT HOUSE FORMED A STRANGE BACKGROUND TO THE GENIAL HOST AND HIS SILENT FRIENDS...
NO, PLEASE! LET'S ALL LEAVE OUR COSTUMES ON FOR NOW! IT ADDS TO THE SPIRIT OF HALLOWEEN!
OKAY! BUT...I'M PUZZLED! DO YOU MIND IF I ASK ONE QUESTION....
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
I DON'T MIND AT ALL! I'M BYRON LACEY, AND I OWN THIS PLACE! BUT I ONLY RETURN ONCE A YEAR...ON THIS NIGHT!
AND WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING COSTUMES, IF THIS IS A HALLOWEEN PARTY?
THE HOST'S VOICE TOOK ON A STRANGE NOTE AS HIS SILENT, SMILING FRIENDS GATHERED AROUND HIM...
YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS AND I FORM WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A SECRET SOCIETY. WE SHARE A COMMON INTEREST IN THE VERY SORT OF THING THAT IS REFLECTED SO CLEVERLY IN YOUR COSTUMES... EVIL, THE UNCANNY, THE UNKNOWN! AND WHAT BETTER PLACE...AND NIGHT... THAN THIS FOR OUR ANNUAL GATHERING!
SORT OF A SPOOK FAN CLUB!
YOU MIGHT SAY THAT! AS TO WHY WE'RE NOT WEARING COSTUMES LIKE YOURS..., WELL, AS YOU WILL SEE, WE ALL HAVE OUR OWN WAYS OF CELEBRATING THE DARK HOLIDAY! NOW, MIDNIGHT IS STILL TWENTY MINUTES AWAY...LET'S PUT OFF THE UNMASKING TILL THEN! IN THE MEANTIME...
THE HOLLOW SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS ECHOED FROM THE DRIPPING STONES AS THEY FOLLOWED LACEY'S TORCH...
ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND THE HOUSE. THERE IS MUCH HERE THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU!
WEIRD, HUH?
I DON'T LIKE THIS! I'M SCARED!
SSSHHH! IT'S ALL IN FUN!

THE FLICKERING TORCH ILLUMINATED A ROOM THAT REEKED OF THE INHUMAN ODOR OF THE UNDEAD....
THIS IS AN EXACT REPLICA, YOU MIGHT SAY, OF THE LABORATORY IN WHICH DR. FRANKENSTEIN CREATED HIS FAMOUS MASTERPIECE!
AND A TOMB, COLD WITH THE EVIL OF THE AGES...
THIS IS WHERE THE VAMPIRE RESTS DURING THE LONG DAYTIME HOURS, MY DEAR! AND THE MUMMY'S BRIDE, DURING THE CENTURIES WHEN HER ANCIENT POWERS ARE NOT CALLED FORTH!
IT'S HORRIBLE!
OH! IT'S SO REAL!
AND A DUNGEON, WHERE RATS GNAWED PATIENTLY ON HUMAN BONES....
AND THIS, MY FRIEND, IS WHERE YOU PRACTICE YOUR GRUESOME TRADE OF EXECUTIONER!!
THIS IS UNGODLY!
THE TOWER IS BY TRADITION THE WITCH'S REALM! NOTICE THE SMELL OF SULPHUR AND AGE-OLD HERBS ESSENTIAL FOR SPELLS AND INCANTATIONS!
PLEASE, FRANK, LET'S GO HOME! I DON'T LIKE THIS!
ALLRIGHT, SUSAN! BUT ALL THIS IS VERY STRANGE, MR LACEY! WHY HAVE YOU BUILT IT?
I DIDN'T! YOU MIGHT SAY I... INHERITED IT ALL! I TRY TO KEEP IT THE WAY I FOUND IT! BUT HURRY, IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT! LET'S GO DOWNSTAIRS AND CELEBRATE THE HOUR BY UNMASKING BEFORE YOU GO!

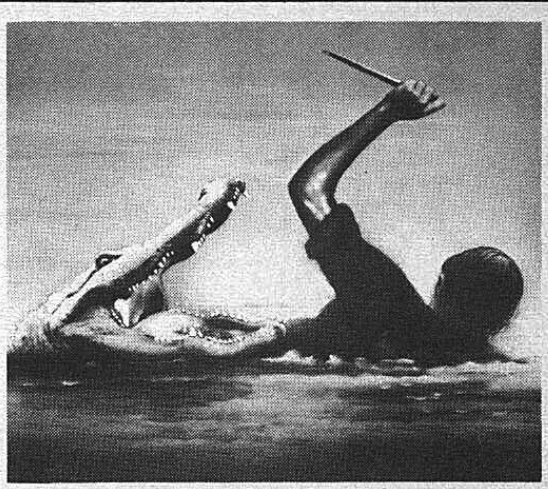
HE'S MAD! THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION FOR IT! WE'LL HUMOR HIM FOR A FEW MINUTES AND THEN GO!
THE HOUR AT LAST! NOW LET'S ALL REMOVE OUR COSTUMES AND GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER!
AS THE CLOCK STRUCK 12, THE WILSON'S AND THEIR FRIENDS PEELED OFF THEIR MASKS...
WHAT DOES HE MEAN "ALL OF US"? WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WEARING COSTUMES!
I KNOW! I GUESS HE... OMIGOD! IT CAN'T BE!
LACEY AND HIS FRIENDS TUGGED AT THEIR SMILING FACES...
DID YOU THINK YOU WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO DRESSED UP ON HALLOWEEN? WE LIKE TO HAVE OUR FUN, TOO...
...REVEALING THE HIDEOUSLY FAMILIAR FACES UNDER THE MASKS!!!
BESIDES, OUR SIMPLE COSTUMES HELP US TO MEET PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELVES! EVERY YEAR, A FEW VISITORS DROP IN HERE FOR A LITTLE HALLOWEEN FUN....
AAAIIIEEE! THEY'RE ALL... REAL!
UNFORTUNATELY, THEY NEVER LEAVE!!
CHOKE NO!
THE END
LOOKS LIKE THE WILSON'S AND THEIR FRIENDS HAD A HALLOWEEN TO REMEMBER! TOO BAD THEY WON'T BE AROUND TO REMEMBER IT! BUT I'M SURE SOMEONE WILL SHOW UP AT THE OLD HOUSE NEXT YEAR TO TAKE THEIR PLACE! IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S CREEP ON THROUGH THE SHADOWS TO OUR NEXT TALE OF TERROR....

CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON



In the heat-infested Amazon jungles, a living creature from 150 million years ago attacks a party of archeologists in the heart of the green hell country. Savage!

CROCODILE THRILLS



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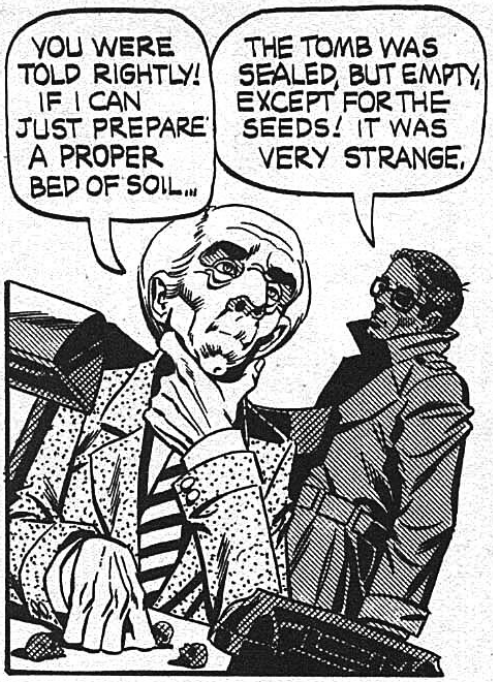
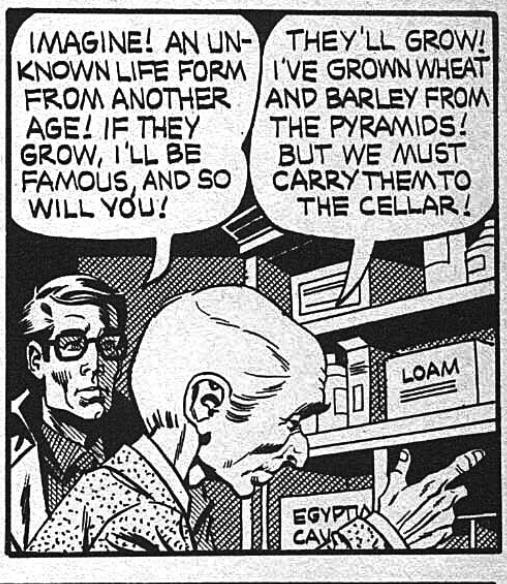
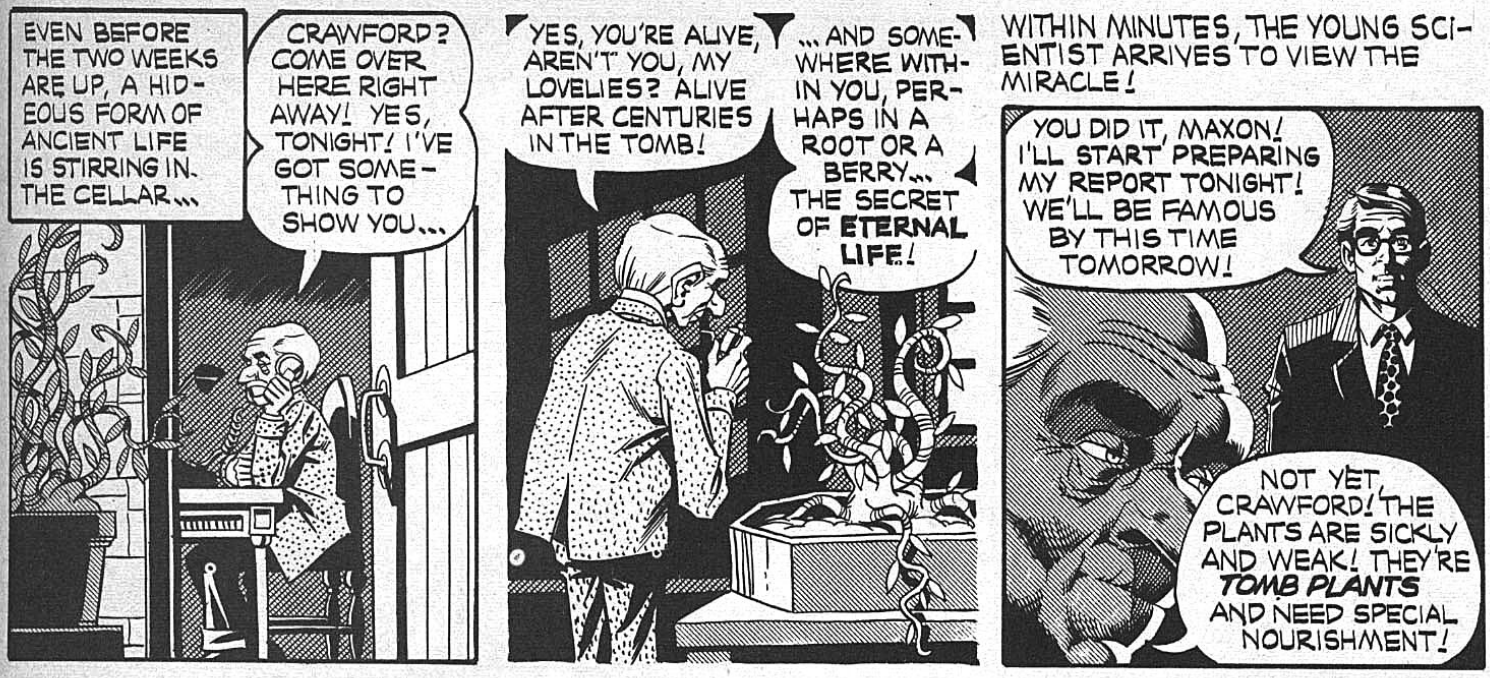
art: **RALPH REESE** script: **OTTO BINDER**



THE LITTLE MAN'S EYES GLITTER AS HE PREPARES THE SOIL FROM THE WEIRD INGREDIENTS ON HIS SHELF...

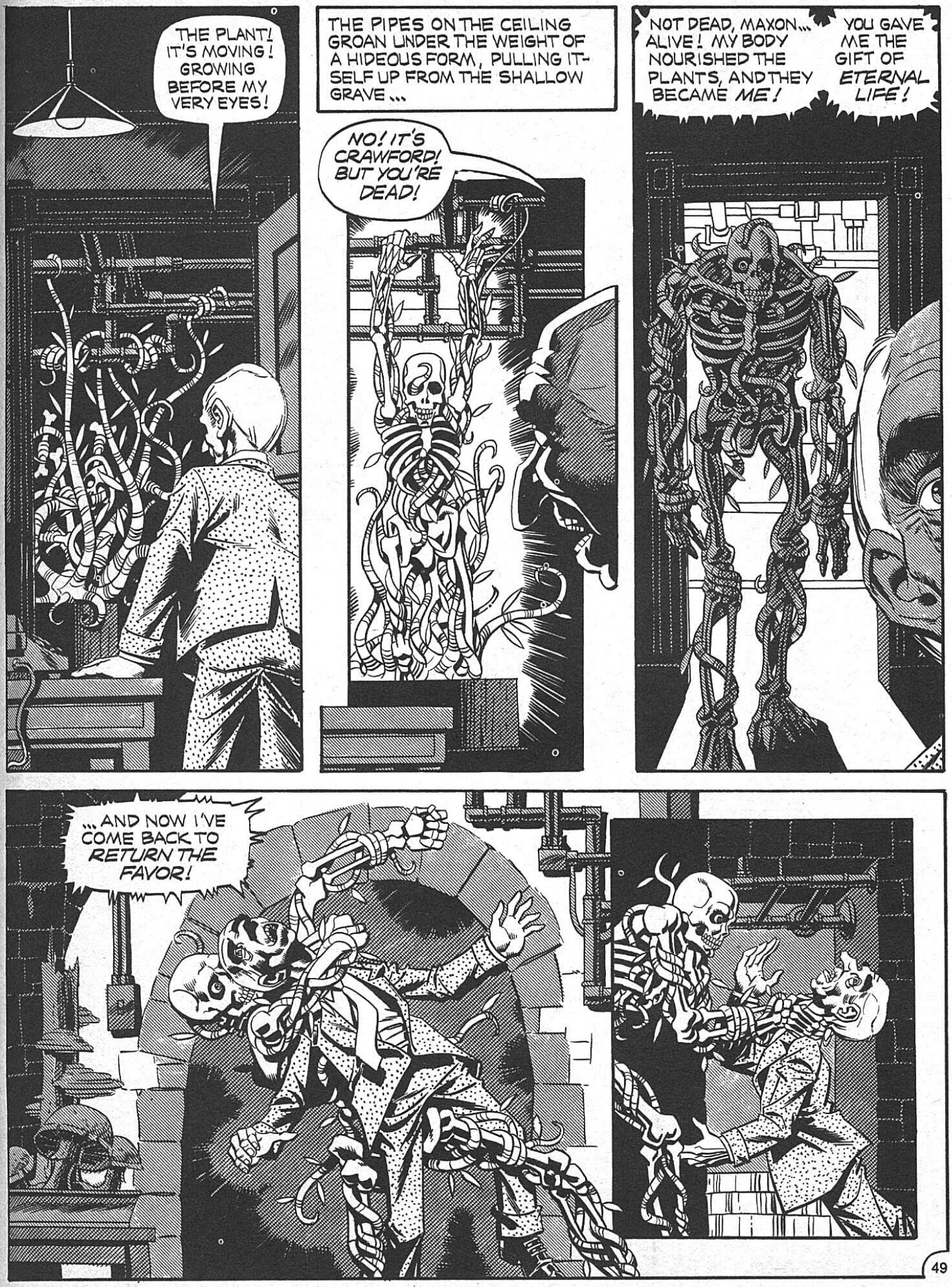


THE SOIL BED IS CARRIED TO AN OLD CELLAR UNDER THE HOTHOUSE, FILLED WITH PALE, SUNLESS LIFE...



DIGGING CAREFULLY, SO AS NOT TO DISTURB THE TENDER ROOTLETS, MAXON ADDS CRAWFORD'S BODY TO THE SHALLOW SOIL BED...

THE PLANTS SEEM TO FLOURISH ON THEIR NEW "FOOD" AND IN LESS THAN A WEEK...
AH, MY PETS, YOU'VE TRIPLED IN SIZE! AND JUST AS I THOUGHT, YOU MADE QUICK WORK OF CRAWFORD'S FLESH! NOW HE'S NOTHING BUT BONES!
...BUT WHAT'S THIS? BERRIES! THEY LOOK STRANGE!
ALMOST LIKE... UGH! CRAWFORD'S FACE!
...BUT THESE BERRIES MIGHT BE WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR... PERHAPS THEY HOLD THE SECRET...
WHILE MAXON IS ABSORBED IN THE STUDY OF THE BERRIES, AN UNEARTHLY, SILENT RIPPLE OF MOVEMENT PASSES OVER THE TENDRILS OF THE STRANGE PLANT...
I'LL BOIL THEM DOWN AND PREPARE AN ELIXIR...
THEY SEEM TO REACH UPWARD, GROPING...
WHAT'S THAT RUSTLING SOUND?


THE PLANT! IT'S MOVING! GROWING BEFORE MY VERY EYES!
THE PIPES ON THE CEILING GROAN UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A HIDEOUS FORM, PULLING ITSELF UP FROM THE SHALLOW GRAVE ...
NO! IT'S CRAWFORD! BUT YOU'RE DEAD!
NOT DEAD, MAXON... ALIVE! MY BODY NOURISHED THE PLANTS, AND THEY BECAME ME!
YOU GAVE ME THE GIFT OF ETERNAL LIFE!
... AND NOW I'VE COME BACK TO RETURN THE FAVOR!

THE FETID MAN-PLANT THAT ONCE WAS CRAWFORD WORKS LATE INTO THE NIGHT, PREPARING THE SOIL...
YES, MAXON, I AM IMMORTAL NOW! NOTHING CAN HARM ME ... FOR IF I AM DAMAGED, I CAN GROW BACK ANEW!
...TENDERLY PLANTING THE SEEDS...
SOON THE ROOTLETS WILL FIND YOUR FLESH, AND TRANSFORM IT! THEN YOU WILL JOIN ME TO SEEK *OTHERS* TO SHARE OUR IMMORTALITY!
FOR OVER A WEEK, THE DECREPIT HOTHOUSE SEEMS DESERTED... THERE ARE NO CUSTOMERS, UNTIL...
ORVILLE MAXON? MR. MAXON? ARE YOU HERE?
ORVILLE MAXON
IS THAT YOU, MRS. ELLIOT? I'M DOWN HERE IN THE CELLAR! COME ON DOWN!
WATCH YOUR STEP...

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